The
COMMONWEAL

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Japan and the Far East

WE NEVER liked the term unconditional surrender as applied to Germany. Yet Germany was a special case and it is true that the words meant no more at first—when the future was doubtful and dark—than that we would never compromise or surrender. Then, later, they meant that we would accept nothing short of complete German defeat, admitted and self-proclaimed defeat. Germany was a special case. Germany was surrounded by European nations and whether Germany surrendered unconditionally or not, in the future the German people would be living in Europe and, if Europe maintained the peace, the German people would be integrated into that peace. There would be, at least, no racial difficulty. Whatever hope Europe could have of the future, fundamentally could also be a German hope. Hope was indivisible in Europe. So that the term unconditional surrender was in practice synonymous with victory.

Applied to Japan it is not synonymous with victory. Because victory means the entrance into peace. And peace in the Orient needs a far more precise defining than it did in Europe. The unconditional surrender of Japan, or the extermination of the Japanese people, planned as a prelude to surrender, cannot mean in itself peace in the Far East. It would mean only the abolition of one section of the Far East. The problem of the relationship between the Far East and the rest of the world would remain entire.

It is that problem which dominates if one is thinking of world peace. Our action against Japan and our demands on Japan must be evaluated in the framework of that wider problem. This means that they must be measured against the danger of a possible conflict between Western and Eastern civilizations, a conflict which might lead to racial conflict. Victory we must have. But we will have it only if we define it in such a way that it will lead to a peaceful collaboration between the East and the West. That means, inescapably, that we must define our war aims against Japan far more definitely than we have done. We should ask the Indians, the Chinese, and, most certainly the Russians to help us find something clearer to say than unconditional surrender.

Sweden Helped Also

WE HAVE not heard anything about Finland lately. It has not been "brave little Finland" or any other kind of a Finland. There just does not seem to be any news about Finland. And the only reason Finland comes into our mind today is because there is news about Sweden, and whenever you think about Sweden you remember that Sweden remained neutral in this war and then you remember Finland—because Finland's fate right next door was the simplest reason, undoubtedly, for Sweden's determination to remain neutral at any cost.

The news from Sweden is this: it appears that for some time before the war was won the Swedish government has been helping the Danish and Norwegian underground movements, harboring refugee Jews, allowing British ships to bring explosives for subsequent delivery to the underground, setting up radio and telephonic communications with the Danish underground, allowing American aviators to leave Sweden instead of holding them interned after they had made forced landings, and in general, helping the Allied cause in a most unneutral manner. This information comes from the *American-Swedish News Exchange, Inc.,* an agency which, of course, a year or two ago was denounced as being the propaganda instrument of pro-nazi Swedish big business. There was a book, we remember, about Sweden (we do not remember its name); certain newspapers (we remember their names but are tired of mentioning them) took up the book, and for a time there was nothing good that any one could say of Sweden. Sweden was helping Germany, Sweden was nazi; the Swedes knew nothing about democracy.

The Swedes had looked at Finland and at first

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they had to make concessions to Germany; but later they could make concessions to the United Nations if they wanted to do so and it is quite likely that they did want to do so. Since the Swedes above all wanted to stay Swedes, it is most likely that they looked upon the possibility of German domination of Europe as a great threat to their freedom and they were glad to see that threat lessen and disappear. When it became practical for them to do so, they must have been glad to help the Danes, the Norwegians, to help make the German threat less of a threat, help make it disappear.

We are glad that Americans who have always liked Swedish architecture, the Swedish landscape and the Swedish people can like them now without any danger of being told that they like the wrong kind of people.

Visit to Paris

THIS business about being able to like the people you would naturally like without having to worry about whether or not it is the right thing to do is one among the many troubles at present afflicting the French Government. A story from Paris in the papers the other day seems almost pitiable to us. The story was credited to French "government circles" and it explained that these circles were terribly worried about the fact that President Truman on his way to and from the Big Three conference in Berlin will pass inevitably fairly close to Paris, near enough to pay a visit to Paris. General de Gaulle has not been invited to Berlin—just as he was not invited to Yalta. So the question arises as to whether he can see President Truman in Paris, either just before he goes to Berlin or just after he has left Berlin, without suffering a loss of prestige. After Yalta, de Gaulle refused to go to Algiers to meet President Roosevelt; what is he to do now?

As we have said already the whole matter seems to us pitiable. The most natural, the most desired event would be a meeting between the President and de Gaulle in Paris. Whether befor or after Berlin. Whether this month, next month, this year, next year. At any time. Whenever the President of the United States happens to be traveling abroad, whenever he is near Paris. The President would like to see Paris, just as any American is always happy to see Paris; the French people would like to see the President, just as the French people always would like to see the chief executive of a nation for which they feel a constant friendship.

That being the case, perhaps the American Government should not leave the intiative to the French Government. If President Truman were simply to say to de Gaulle and to the French people I am traveling abroad on business and do you mind if I drop in to call, there could be but one answer. That is, if there is any reasonableness left in the world at all.

Trade Agreement Debate

THE opposition in the Senate to granting the President power to reduce tariffs as much as fifty percent in concluding new reciprocal trade agreements is, in some ways, difficult to understand. Mr. Truman was expected from the start to take things less into his own hands than Mr. Roosevelt; his first two months of office have indeed shown him as one who depends much upon the best advice. This quality, coupled with his vigorous insistence on the actions he deemed necessary, has won President Truman universal respect. Why, then, the determined drive to put this crippling amendment into our trade agreement legislation.

Certain Washington observers like to point out that "the honeymoon is over;" that all hands rallied round the new President when he first assumed his most onerous office but that this period is now over and Congress again seeks to assert itself. The trade agreement issue is a chance to demonstrate such independence. More likely—or at least a stronger reason for it—the Senate fight marks the resurgence of the weight of special interests. Now that one war is over and the other a certain, if costly, victory, various producers are again insisting, and effectually, that Congress (which represents them and their section more directly) keep control of tariff concessions. It is to be devoutly hoped that this is not the first sign of the "return to normalcy" which so nullified our military victory of 1918.

The binding negotiative power was extended to the Executive in the first place as a defense measure—to build up our strength in Latin America and help strengthen the economies of other potential allies. It has worked well. After V-J Day we shall face a comparable emergency. For it is to the vital interest of the United States to play a leading rôle in the rebuilding of the economies of those with whom we trade. It is to our vital interest that the economies of our various neighbors get started before poverty and hopelessness lead to new chaos and desperation.

The reconversion period is one in which speed is the essence; to require Senate ratification for tariff reductions greatly restricts our opportunity to work with economic tools. It should occur to businessmen who currently favor such restrictions that such cumbersome methods can hardly compete with those of Britain and Russia in the search for materials, markets and special friends. What may be even worse, this revolt in the Senate could be a step toward the extreme protectionism of the twenties which played a leading part in pre-

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paring the crash of 1929. A political democracy such as ours has shown itself as capable of swift and effective action as any dictatorship. To continue to operate in this fashion in the critical days ahead, certain responsibilities must be assigned to officials such as President Truman—and in such vital matters as our tariff. The Senate should restore this presidential power for the period designated before taking a vote on the bill as a whole. The situation bears watching.

June Day in Washington

WHEN you get home, you can turn the cold water on in the bathtub, and let it run a good while, so that it gets as cold as it ever gets once the warm weather has set in, and then you can put in the stopper and let the water fill the tub. You can stick all the ice cubes in the refrigerator in the water, and get in yourself and sit amidst the ice cubes, cooling off. But some people don't cool off that way; they get hotter. So there is the alternative of a warm shower, the effects of which all too quickly wear away. But whatever you do, you will lie on your bed and the sweat will trickle all over you and you are convinced you haven't slept a wink the whole weary night, though of course you have.

Everybody knows that Washington is hot. It sits, as it were, at the bottom of a big, very irregular saucer, and the thunder showers seem to have a habit of neatly circling it, as though trying to avoid hitting the cup of heat which weighs down on you. That is why, in less bustling days, everybody moved out of town—or nearly everybody—black and white, rich and poor. But we can't move out on a war, and thus we move into the fourth season of crowded swelter, which perhaps pleased General Eisenhower, because it is very much like Kansas on a night when you can hear the corn growing. But to please the rest of us, a shower during the night had made the air a trifle cooler, a trifle less reminiscent of Shadrach, Misach and Abednigo. The sky was beautifully blue and spotlessly cloudless and the sun shone golden grim for the hatless.

Constitution Ave. was lined solid with people, and so was Pennsylvania—The Avenue to Washingtonians—solid almost completely with girls. Most of them were sitting down, some of them half lying on newspapers; those who had no hats, had made themselves fore-and-afts out of the other section of the paper. The press said there were a million or more people; if so, eight hundred thousand of them were girls.

By good fortune I had supplied myself with a slightly more comfortable vantage point, in the third floor of the Navy Department—the old "temporaries" from the last war which have proved very permanent indeed, since they are still going strong after twenty-eight years. The office, facing on Constitution Avenue, served as grandstand for seven of us, and in front of each of the more desirable windows was an air-cooling unit blowing icy blasts up the cuffs of your coat as you leaned upon it. Across the way, and set far back, was Interior, with its generous metal roof flashings serving as frying-pan for those of its staff who preferred a panoramic to a detailed view. "I wonder how much they pay them to go up there," remarked one naval officer.

Promptly at 11:35 ap emma, sleek and shiny bombers began gyrating low over the city, prettily reflecting the sunlight and making almost no racket at all over the three army bands which turn by each would blast out martial airs from their appointed places at street intersections. Helmetted marines were helping the local cops to keep the long fringe of recumbent Washingtonians from getting too deep at any given spot. Suddenly regular traffic ceased; suddenly everybody got up, suddenly a wedge of motorcycle police, the entire width of a wide avenue, came into sight maintaining an even pace and formation at some twenty miles an hour. Like a wedge of geese flying north.

In contrasting disarray there followed at a good interval those strange vehicles rigged up by the newsreel companies, seemingly alive with be-cameraed monkeys, at great risk to life and limb scrambling about the vehicles' tops and wildly cranking away as though never in their lives would they be allowed to crank again. Amidst this distracting bevy, in an olive-drab reconnaissance car with his legs planted firmly apart, stood the erect, cheerful man all this was being done rightly to honor. A ripple of clapping backed up with a groundswell of cheers told him that Americans were glad to see him, proud of him and of the millions of others like him, except for rank, whom he symbolized. And, American that he is, like some celebrity "called" on at a sports banquet, he clasped his hands above his head and shook hands with himself, turning to right and left and visibly beaming. Behind him in long file moved something less than a score more rec. cars, each with four persons, admirals, generals, colonels, privates and whatnot. Trailing them all, less evenly advanced what looked like a baker's delivery truck with a broomstick thrust through its shiny roof, and with WTOP painted on its sides in large letters, which I presume belonged to a radio station in these parts. Another wedge of geese flying north, and you saw how big the crowd was, as it spilled into the empty avenue and surged eastward after this so short a ceremony.

An hour earlier an American soldier had come home.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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The Soviet Union

Apocalyptic nightmare or political reality

Waldemar Gurian

THE Soviet Union has become for many the incarnation of all evil forces; we may even say the incarnation of the Anti-Christ of the Apocalypse. These apocalyptic visions start from some assumptions based, it is true, on fact. The Soviet Union is a totalitarian régime. The ruling Communist Party determines and controls everything. There are no liberties —all rights of individuals and of groups are regarded as grants by the state which may be revoked at any moment. The GPU, the secret police, has its eyes everywhere. Millions are in labor camps, doing compulsory work under harsh conditions. They were consigned to these camps for political reasons, often by administrative decree, sometimes even without knowing exactly what provoked suspicion against them.

No honest student of Russian affairs can deny that the October Revolution did not result—as Lenin had hoped—in a withering away of the State, but that it has produced a most terrifying Leviathan. This totalitarian reality of the Soviet Union cannot hide behind an attractive terminology in which words have the function of concealing the truth. The Soviet régime seeks to justify its repression of liberty and individual rights by calling it a temporary necessity, but this temporary necessity has no tendency to disappear: it has become a permanent institution. No concessions—e.g., the granting of some rights to the Orthodox Church—change this fundamental situation. For there remains always the possibility of suddenly abolishing them, by the mere publication of a decree.

Today, in 1945, after the collapse of Hitler's Third Reich, this totalitarian Soviet state has become *the* totalitarian régime. Its Red Armies control more than half Europe's population. Soviet imperialism seems to become even more threatening because of the disorganization of the world and particularly of Europe, where the masses, disappointed in their liberation from the fascist and nazi yoke, may turn to the Soviet Union as the great rescuer. Communist parties, fellow travelers of all kinds, appeasement policies, not understanding what Soviet talk for democracy and against fascism means, are likely to bring about a complete domination of Europe by the Soviets. The Third International is coming to life again, as is indicated by the new revolutionary line, imposed upon America with the help of French communists. We must also fear the worst in the Far East. There we see the Chinese communists, the Soviet demands if the Russians fight Japan.

It is therefore not surprising that prophets of a dark and gloomy future present the nightmare of a world in which the Soviet colossus, having recuperated from the wounds of World War II, having with the help of slave labor built up gigantic industries, will face an isolated United States, without allies, surrounded by anti-capitalist propaganda as well as power centers in Asia and Latin America. Dostoievsky's vision of a humanity dominated by a Grand Inquisitor will come true, these prophets of doom tell us, in a more terrible form: the communist Grand Inquisitors will be less human, they will have no fear of bad conscience, they will enjoy domination over the masses in a world with highly developed techniques, but without any spiritual civilization. There will be no new Pan crying in the wilderness: Liberty is dead; the world GPU will with perfect efficiency silence his voice.

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Such is the apocalyptic vision which stands opposed to the hopes of those who believe that there is a chance—it is true, a precarious chance —to achieve collaboration with the Soviet Union in the interests of peace. The prophets of this vision denounce every attempt to continue collaboration with the Soviet Union as "appeasement," which will not prevent the ultimate catastrophe. For them such collaboration means cooperation with communism which, of course, is out of the question, at least for Catholics. They claim that Stalin has today replaced Hitler as enemy number one. Few dare to come out with an open plea to "stop the USSR now," before she has become fully industrialized. Most of them realize that talk of World War III would today be unpopular; therefore they are content with general statements on the Soviet danger and do not present direct concrete demands for action. But they secretly hope for the zero hour, when they are not merely indulging in pessimism as an intoxicating stimulant.

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I think that those who preach this apocalyptic approach to the Soviet Union do not see the complete reality. How can they explain the action of Pope Pius XI, who, though he condemned atheistic communism, attempted to reach a *modus vivendi* for the Church in the Soviet régime? It was exclusively the fault of the Soviets that these attempts failed. It is also remarkable that today Pope Pius XII remains silent about endeavors to reach political understanding with Russia in the interest of world peace, though he denounces the dangers of erroneous social doctrines — meaning primarily Soviet communism and its activities. He prays for the success of the San Francisco conference, where the Soviet Union is represented.

It is very easy to present apocalyptic visions in our time. It is much more difficult—and I think more Christian—to look for ways leading to renewal of that world which is passing through World War II and its aftermath. That the Soviet Union is a totalitarian régime with communists at the helm is a fact which is known even by those who do not pretend to know much about Russian affairs. But there are other facts which must be considered by a student of relations between the USSR and the rest of the world. True it is much easier to escape from the difficult real world, with its mud and its uncertainties, into a pseudo-heaven enlightened by "high principles"—but this appeal to principle is at basis only useful for impressing audiences and for self-deception. How wise was Saint Thomas when he warned against assuming too much perfection among men and emphasized the necessity of taking human imperfections and deficiencies into account. How wise is the Church which never has been afraid to make practical compromises, even with régimes which are not Christian in their policies, without yielding any principle whatever? This true realism was denounced as fascist by communists and as communist by nazis and fascists. But what did that matter for those who were responsible for living souls?

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The USSR is a totalitarian régime. But also the most perfect totalitarian régime must take realities into account. Only an erroneous, purely mechanical conception of history permits the assumption that Stalin is the almighty master of the Soviet Union, who can move in any direction he chooses and who always knows where he is going. He must take into consideration not only forces outside, but also inside the USSR. This fact is hidden behind the mask of an apparently inflexible terminology; but this terminology permits the most varied interpretations and applications. World revolution can be postponed in the practice as easily as the withering away of the State; nationalism and internationalism can be emphasized and fused in various degrees. It can be claimed that democracy is better than fascism, or that democracy is in capitalistic countries but a means to deceive the masses; religion is rejected as an "opiate" of the people, but at the same time it can be admitted that the "social roots" of religion will be destroyed only in a far distant future.

Official Soviet terminology can therefore be utilized for various policies which can be carried out at the same moment. I shall make an attempt to enumerate some of these policies.

(1) There is the appeal to revolutionary forces. The war in Europe is over; unrest is spreading, unemployment is a threat, as are clashes between various national groups. Why not make an attempt to see how a return to the old Comintern line will work? Class struggle is once more emphasized, the use of foreign communist parties is tried anew, and certain groups around Stalin who believe in a revolutionary situation after World War II, similar to the one that existed after World War I, are satisfied. This policy need not be successful. Borkenau's history of the Third International shows how it failed in the period between the two world wars. It is a policy which will only increase distrust of the Soviet Union and will probably result in internal Soviet opposition, just as was also the case between 1919 and 1933. The chances of success for this revolutionary policy will also decrease through the experience in the territories under Red occupation.

It is pure defeatism to assume that the Soviets will easily master all the difficulties which occupied territories will provoke. The days of high Soviet prestige will not last forever. Attempts to renew the revolutionary policy in allied countries can be checked by constructive social policies —Father LaFarge has rightly stated that unemployment and impoverishment are the best aids to Soviet propaganda—and also by strict measures against radical activities. The change to the revolutionary line will, indeed, increase vigilance. Turkey has had most friendly relations with the USSR, but that did not prevent her from suppressing Turkish communist groups.

(2) Besides the revolutionary line which may be attempted again—as a means of pressure and of winning allies—there is the nationalistic and imperialistic line. The war is seen as a victory of the Slav over the German. The advance of Germans into Eastern Europe and into the Balkans is reversed. This Slavic "line" has its drawbacks. Not only will the Poles continue to be distrustful—even if the formation of a new Polish government with trustworthy Polish leaders such as Witos or Mikolajczyk comes to pass—the Czechs, too, would not like to be only an ap-

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pendage of gigantic Mother Russia. Among the various Slavic peoples there is no tradition for the one party régime as there is in Russia, though for a period it will be attempted with the help of police terrorism, of executions, of mass deportations. There is a limit to Russian expansionism. The USSR has now reached—or rather overreached—this limit. It is moreover most likely that Ukrainian nationalism in the Ukrainian Soviet Republic which now, after the annexation of Lvov, includes all important Ukrainian centers will cause much trouble.

Soviet imperialism renews old Czarist traditions; another ideology is added: in addition to Russian security and the famous urge to the sea, there is the claim that the USSR does not have racial inequalities and colonial policies, with attendant disabilities imposed upon the natives. It is a kind of anti-imperialistic imperialism.

It would be a world disaster were the US to lose its rôle as arbiter between the Russian and the British imperialisms, opposing each other. Obviously this silent but most important duel is not the product of totalitarian communism. It has old roots, as a reading of the excellent studies of the English historian B. H. Sumner impressively shows. Here everything depends upon the capacity of the non-Russian powers to solve colonial problems. A simple return to pre-war conditions would be more useful to the USSR than all communist propaganda. And here, too, Russian attempts at expansion will create difficulties for Russia herself, as events in Iran have demonstrated.

(3) The USSR's foreign policy has to be coordinated with internal developments. Questions of prestige play a most important rôle. The leaders of the Red Army are indebted to the régime, which has given them a chance to rise from the ranks; publicly they are subservient to the official terminology—they were educated with its help—but they are rather simple-minded military men, proud of Russian military successes. That must be taken into account if we are to understand the difficulties of coming to an agreement with Russia about Poland. There are strong anti-Polish prejudices in Russia, which did not disappear with the Czarist régime.

On the other hand limitless expansionism would not satisfy the masses of the USSR. These masses are of course not able to exercise their influence in the same way as do the people and public opinion in the democracies. But there is a limit to suffering and to exhaustion—a limit which has been reached. The situation cannot be compensated by the pleasure of painting additional parts of the globe the Soviet color. American help will be necessary and will, despite official grumbling and minimizing, be popular. Here are means and ways to check too far-reaching Russian demands. But what will happen if Russia becomes industrialized and normalized? Centripetal tendencies will increase—periods of upswings are followed by periods of relaxation. Communist propaganda has remained, despite all efforts, something purely external and artificial. The reading of the Russian classics, for example, continues to raise among the newly educated masses questions which the official doctrine cannot answer. True that the Orthodox Church is used only for propaganda purposes; but precisely the use of this instrument shows that the régime has been unable to destroy traditions and popular habits. And we must not forget that something which is in the eyes of the government a purely political move can have at the same time spiritual consequences: the history of concordats is ample evidence. Against his will Napoleon became, by his treaty with Pope Pius VII, a savior of Catholic life in France.

(4) Stalin's régime is based upon suppression of public discussions of policies—only details of execution by subordinates can be questioned. That produces not only some apparent strength, but also some real weakness in foreign policy. Every note in a Russian newspaper can for us become a source of suspicion, yet political life in democratic countries is not understood by the Soviet rulers. They believe too much in the importance of diplomatic deals. They do not realize how their methods create an atmosphere which makes cooperation very difficult, even impossible. Their method of acting by sudden moves increases this distrust. And their ideology, which characterizes as "democratic" a régime without liberty, multiplies the number of those who denounce everything the Soviets do. Such policies, overlooking psychological factors and moral forces, have often defeated the Soviets, and therefore we can even now see that they are being modified. The experience of San Francisco did not fail to make the necessary impression. That modification will be accomplished slowly and will be interrupted by many disagreeable and sensational incidents. It would be good to advocate mass exchanges of students and technicians with USSR. I emphasize: *mass* exchanges, for there is no use in accepting from Russia a few highly screened and "prepared" students and young communists. I am sure that American students would not be attracted by the totalitarian aspects of the Soviet régime, though they will be impressed by the vitality and eagerness to learn of the Soviet peoples.

In any case it will be extremely difficult for the USSR to maintain in the long run their system of isolation and secretiveness against continuous pressure for liberty of communications and of transmission of news.

Our analysis of some fundamental features of

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Russian policy shows that not all its factors are working toward world domination by the Soviets, as many believe. The Soviet leaders realize that their position is not as strong as it seems. Therefore they try to obtain all they can during the period in which the prestige of the Red Army is at its peak. It may also be noted that they are hard bargainers, inclined to demand more than they expect to obtain, and to hold firm until the last moment. But of all their policies, the policy of maintaining collaboration with the USA will probably prevail. Surely not for idealistic reasons, but for reasons of expediency. They know the real weakness of the Russian position. Policies of supporting revolutionary movements and of indirect conquest with the help of controled governments are only alternatives which may be tried but which will be abandoned if they begin to portend a break between Russia and the US. This situation would change only if the powers outside Russia were to create revolutionary situations by their mistakes and blindness regarding the problems of the postwar world. But even then it is likely that the revolutionary situation could not be handled by the Soviets, who are too much hampered by their past, their stabilized organizations and methods. After all, the revolutionary forces between the wars worked more for the benefit of Mussolini and Hitler than for the Third International. The well organized and numerically large German Communist Party was as helpless before the Nazi régime as the Socialists and the Liberals were.

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Apocalyptic visions picturing an almost inevitable victory of Soviet totalitarianism are only expressions of panicky fears and of a lack of self-confidence. The USSR can be forced to use restraint—even against the intentions and proclaimed programs of her leaders. Vigilance is of course necessary—a careful calculation of the situation at every moment. Disagreeable concessions must be mixed with inflexible firmness. There could be many reasons alleged aganist any increase of Soviet territories beyond the frontiers of 1939, but there remains the difference between what can be tolerated as a minor evil—in comparison with other evils—and what can be tolerated under no circumstances. Time does not necessarily work for Russia—that too ought to be considered. Collaboration for specific limited objectives does not and cannot mean acceptance of communist principles or denying the totalitarian features of the Soviet régime. It means a policy which realizes that the Soviet régime is not the ultimate word in Russian history and in that great multi-national Eurasiatic empire. Those who see only the Soviet ideology and its totalitarian features accept the claims of Soviet propaganda. They do not realize that forces were working in the Russian Revolution which go beyond the communist interpretation. It is the tragedy of this revolution that it became dominated by a doctrinaire and ruthless group. This group, the Bolsheviks, caused many to forget that the Bolsheviks are not, as they claim, masters of history, but that they themselves are only an instrument of historical development. With their help, but against their will, a transformation of élites in Russia has taken place. But despite its pretentions, it will not be this party that triumphs. When will the student of the Russian Revolution rise who will succeed—as Hilaire Belloc did for the French Revolution—in disassociating its spirit—the longing of the masses for liberty and self-determination—from its chaotic and demonic accessories, and from its artificial adaptation to the bed of Procrustes by a cynical Marxian terminology and policy?

Congressional Limited

Parlor Car Jefferson, Parlor Car Madison,
Parlor Car Adams and Parlor Car Hancock,
Named for the statesmen who nurtured the eagle
When it was only a newly hatched fledgling,
Slide from the yards for the journey to Washington
With congressmen, senators, government workers,
Soldiers and sailors and brides and civilians
From forty-eight states with the goal, Union Station.

In the leveling sunset the train throws its shadow
Over the fields, the farmlands of Jersey,
Over the orchards, the Delaware fruitlands,
Over the deeps of the fish-bearing waters,
The broad Susquehanna, the Chesapeake's silver,
Over the crops and the flocks and the cattle,
The fields that are food for the men in the field,
Over them all the train throws its shadow.

Over the factories, the Argus-eyed buildings,
The sun turning gold the glass of the windows,
Red ramblers, pink ramblers, growing in cinders,
Blue morning glories on wire enclosures;
Industrial Newark, Industrial Trenton;
Medical kits and drugs in New Brunswick
To bind up and heal the wounds of the nation;
Over them all the train throws its shadow.

The parlor cars race with their hands joined like children,
Snapping the whip as the tracks turn the corners.
Parlor Car Jefferson, Parlor Car Madison,
Parlor Car Adams and Parlor Car Hancock.
The voice of the whistle is the voice of the eagle.
Blowing for trestles and blowing for crossings:
Sharp curve ahead. Watch out there. Be careful.
Over the land the train casts its shadow.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

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Troopship

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

ONE COULD write many things colorful and romantic of life aboard a troopship. Censorship, however, forbids the mention of incidents, equipment, weather or any other mechanism that would make for a good yarn of soldiers at sea. Anyway, about the time you think you've been with soldiers long enough to describe them, bang goes the apple cart! This is the wrong time you say. They are acting differently; they are not raucous, and horseplay during endless waiting periods is totally absent.

The censor may permit me to say that the notion of this somber mass of American manhood first struck me with its full impact as the troops were silently waiting to board ship. It was a wet, black and ominous day. It is usually hard to restrain peak-trained soldiers. Put them in long lines to wait for pay, chow, medical exams, or anything else, they invariably champ at the bit, and their youthful enthusiasm spells itself out in rough-and-tumble wrestling and "belting one another around." And, invariably, some officer or sergeant must yell, "Cut out the horseplay and get back in ranks."

But now things were different. One could notice the absence also of the regular exchange of remarks between "Yankees" and "Rebels." There was less profanity; more courteousness. You couldn't say they were without spirit, nor did they display any lack of the adventurous spirit of youthful—that is, mostly youthful—American boys. The gray ladies came with coffee and doughnuts and the boys were grateful for the kindness. And the standard response typified by cartoon and radio comedians didn't evidence themselves here.

It's easy to look back to the training camps. There was the rigorous marching in the heat or rain and mud. There was invective, the thrill of new weapons, three-day passes, recreation and travel. Little things like "this one is my youngest" and "no, that's not my mother, it's my wife," meant little. Of course there was a cursory glance and the usual "pretty nice-looking kid."

Now the colorful diversions are past. True, there are more ahead, more perilous maybe. And the distance between theaters of adventure and color is as great as the span of an ocean. Conversation is more subdued now and more sincere. There is a genuine interest in the photos and the talk of home. It is a far cry from anything like the last night of basic training, when there was a general bedlam and a playful destruction of government property—a furlough at home at last!

By now everyone is in his little niche for the voyage. The fellow on guard failed dismally to line up to the cartoon version of a sentry. This because he is dealing with more subdued, but by no means depressed men. There is much reading and letter writing; a more cheerful and welcome response to all the local musical talent. The young Italian kid who played the sax labored and sweated out boogie-woogie down in a rocking, sweltering hatchway. He was seasick, yes, but he was the mainstay of the five-man band.

Books find themselves in strange hands. "Destry Rides Again" and the Max Brandt type are all well dog-eared. A Jew kid from the Bronx is trying to figure out Alexis Carrel in the library. We talk about Jewry, Franz Werfel, the labor movement and together we work out the European campaign, guided by the radio bulletins as used in the ship's mimeographed daily. Bibles are read earnestly in the hatchways and on the decks when the weather permits.

Officers, too, become a part of the great fellowship. Rank can be leveled by seasickness. But there is always respect and the necessary reserve. The future rôle of officers and men is mutually respected. It is not only the enlisted man who spends leisure time in filling out V-Mail letter forms.

A new humor is developed and we talk of going to "Supply" to get our sealegs and that last bump being caused by a mail buoy. The intrigues of marine terms and the ways of a ship are a lasting interest—always something new. There are the different pennants that are hoisted, the various naval ranks and the great whitecaps of the sea. A boy from Georgia studies the maritime clock with its eight bells.

The Irishman from the South Bronx has a big following. He has been to many ports and knows many turns. The awestricken listen to him hail the "fair weather" pennant, hoisted while he was discoursing on the meaning of well decks and weather decks. Reddy, as he was called, always recommended lemon drops for the near-sick. "'Tis fresh air and a full stomach you need most," he would always add.

There is adventure in this uncensored side of life on a troopship. With men so closely quartered in compartments and so closely tied up with a common effort, the shading of their human side and their ways can be changed suddenly and radically just as a chameleon can assume the dull gray of tree bark, blending in with the dark mass for his own safety.

Here are men who have suddenly found the time and conditions which induce the review of a lifetime. Many hours in retrospect contain every moment of a lifetime, photographed in the collective mind of the troop passengers. There seem to be no signs of cowardice, morbidness or

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any other unfashionable quality, incongruous in a group of typical and healthy American boys and young men. Lots of Americans back home would be pleased with the troops aboard; they would be proud.

All of us have adopted forms and a terminology in our little time in the Army. Most everyone enacts his rôle as the soldier of one, two, three months vintage. We must still put up the pretense of growling about second Looeys, the chow. The boys from the cities go into jitterbugging still, and the boys from the hill country keep after the local talent to "ketch up with something like Johnny Troy or Take Me Back Where I Belong." Yes, a lot of the outward forms are the same. But there is some difference; it's hard to describe; maybe one feels it more than sees it.

Victory: Germany

AMERICAN SERGEANT

THERE WAS little rejoicing on V-E Day in Germany. The celebrations in New York and London were outside the GI's world. It was a sunny day, blue sky with puffy clouds, ideal for traveling. At least it would have been ideal had the 2½-ton supply trucks not stirred up a continual cloud in front of the fast moving command car.

Little more than a week before, the 65th Infantry Division had entered Regensburg—on a Sunday. Seven days later, the Division was firmly intrenched in the middle of Austria. Now the command car bounced up the Danube Valley, retracing the highways down which the trucks loaded with infantrymen had rolled a short time before.

The landscape was only occasionally scarred by debris from the scattered, but tough, rear guard action with which the Wehrmacht attempted to delay our advance into Austria. The only monuments to these bitter skirmishes, where men died up to the eve of victory, were the walls of buildings pockmarked with small-arms fire, or fields spotted with untenanted slit trenches. Now and then, an abandoned artillery position disfigured the landscape more spectacularly. The empty shell cases were piled like cordwood beside what had been a gun emplacement. Clover and mustard already had pushed up around the remnants of these installations, and had all but covered the ruts sunken into the soil by truck and gun tires.

In one field, the farmer and his family shoveled soil into the slit trenches and artillery emplacements. Then he stamped vigorously on the loose dirt, and pounded it with the flat of his spade, as though to repudiate indignantly the idea that *his* land could have been a battlefield. Beside the highway, German householders crawled over their roofs, replacing the tiled jigsaws which had been scattered like shrapnel by concussion. No, the infantry had not left many monuments behind. That was partly because the battle moved too swiftly for more than the occasional firing of a farmhouse or barn where SS troops briefly held out despite the protestations of property owners. And it was partly because of the nature of the infantryman's battle. His front line is carefully charted, blatantly headlined, while he fights. But after he passes through—after the grass grows high and the dead are buried—his deeds belong to the historian. The passing tourist can get no closer to the smell of cordite than the printed page, or the iron markers which (as at Gettysburg) tax his credulity with the announcement that the now peaceful sunlit field was once a life-or-death "objective."

On V-E Day it was the Air Corps which provided the most imposing monuments to Mars. In the last stages of the battle for Germany the Air Corps had lost newspaper space to the infantryman. After all, only the infantryman could push the "front line" deeper and deeper into the Reich, to deprive Germany of the *lebensraum,* the men, and ultimately of the supplies with which to fight. But now, the shattered railroad yards and factories provided almost the only battlefield mementos, and thereby emphasized the extent to which Wehrmacht logistics had been disrupted by our strategical bombing. The revelation was doubly impressive because of the precise nature of the poundings. Naturally, buildings adjacent to a military target had been battered; but, for the most part, damage was isolated to areas of military production and transportation. Only a few days before, I had visited the once vast Messerschmidt plant in Regensburg with an intelligence officer of the 8th Air Force bomber command which had pounded it. The factory literally defied description because there was nothing there but shells of buildings, gaping holes where there had been concrete walls, twisted metal where there had been roofs, and green camouflage nets flapping in the breeze as mournfully as Spanish moss. It was almost impossible to believe that the aerial photograph of the gigantic fighter plane assembly lines, which had been taken in 1942, showed the same area which now lay completely desolate. It was as though an archeological expedition had uncovered the floor plan of some ancient city, and the photograph was the archeologist's hypothetical reconstruction. The major had come prepared to give a professional dissertation on the ruin. There was too little left to talk about. He could only point to a hospital adjacent to the

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factory, completely untouched by the explosives, and murmur over and over, "Wonderful job. So precise. A wonderful, wonderful job."

While we advanced southeast of Regensburg we had felt the same way. Every time we passed the grotesquely twisted tracks of a marshaling yard, the cars and their cargoes piled as crazily as a log-jam, we echoed that sentiment. "Wonderful, wonderful job." These patches of destruction served as milestones for our advance. More destruction, faster moving—it was as simple as that. But now, on V-E Day, even the shallow perspective afforded by the headline WAR IS OVER reoriented thinking. One no longer thought of "front lines," but of "reconstruction." And now the tragedy which the German people had brought upon themselves was painfully apparent. The wreckage stood for what it was. "It's wonderful" seemed all wrong: "it's futile" perhaps. A couple of weeks before V-E Day the Danube was spanned by seven magnificent bridges at Regensburg. Our aerial photos showed them. Today there are none. The Wehrmacht blew them, in order to retreat another day. It only serves to emphasize the tragedy to see what once existed, and then to see its ruins, or sometimes, the spot where it had been.

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In the end, the German soldier faced the greatest ignominy which any soldier can receive. His own people discredited and betrayed him. The people knew the war was lost. They knew too that fanatical resistance meant that *their* homes and *their* fields were lost too. Many an American soldier owes his life (though, from the long range point of view, not his gratitude) to the very people who heiled Hitler into power. They would stool-pigeon on those SS troops who remained behind our lines to carry out guerrilla warfare. In Bavaria and Austria the advancing "enemy" was greeted with cheers, and the wild, exultant waving of white surrender flags. The children had learned the "V" sign, and practiced it for K-ration chocolate. Austrians had a new surrender flag. The white bedroom sheet had been replaced for the red-and-white banner of an independent Austria. Almost symbolically, the "Austrian" colors had, in many instances, been hastily fashioned by sewing a white strip down the center of Hitler's flag so as to cover the swastika, and thereby cover the past—a past in which Austria, like Italy, had been offered a chance to contribute to its own freedom, and refused. GIs were perplexed. "Hell, what are we doing? Conquering these people, or liberating them?" they asked.

In the larger sense, perhaps Austria had been liberated, but it would take time and effort and sacrifice on the part of the Austrians to alter the verdict. Certainly those others, who, on V-E Day, watched American vehicles tear through the Danube Valley were not ready to call Austrians their friends. These were the Poles, and Belgians, and Russians, and French, and British, even the Americans who, being driven before our advancing armies, had lived the last of their grim existence as prisoners and slave labor in the blue haze of a Danubian spring. The GI's wondered at the new uniforms. "What nationality are you? Rooskee, Checko . . .?" The grinning soldier had replied, "Me Yugoslav. Tee-to." And the GI tossed him a package of Chesterfields. The truck rolled on, and the dough began to think aloud, "Do you suppose he'd have waved at me if I hadn't had those cigarettes?" The question was a simple one, so obvious that everyone in the truck felt uncomfortable, and yet, more than once, perhaps they'd all asked it to themselves, if not about Chesterfields, then about C-rations, or (occasionally) the very remote "lend-lease." They felt uncomfortable . . . well, because America is so wealthy, so prodigal, so essentially friendly that pinching pennies is not a national characteristic. And because instinctively they realized that the Yugoslav's wave was something more than the outstretched hand of the beggar, or the automatic, anxious waving of the Austrian kids who charmed homesick GIs into parting with chewing gum and chocolate. This being *able* to hand out things was part of the "abundant life" of a people who could work and live as they pleased. It was "democracy" to the Yugoslav peasant-soldier. The American soldier felt this deeply within himself, but he could not talk with the Yugoslav, nor the Yugoslav with him. GI and Yugoslav should have celebrated V-E Day together. But the intimacies of friendship were denied to both, and it was simply a matter of the unsatisfactory conclusion "he is on our team."

Then too, the American distrusts his generosity. Being far from the causes of the war, and inadequately prepared to meet its ideological demands, he feels no great enmity towards the people he has conquered. He wants to "make friends," which, however beneficial to the peace of Europe from the larger perspective, serves no good end when his cordiality is directed at the impenitent. He finds himself so incapable of mustering that degree of hatred—aloofness at least—which is only fitting to the conquerer that he threatens the populace with, "Wait until the Ruskees get here."

★

No, there was little celebration in Germany on V-E Day. "Victory" is better celebrated from a distance, from the headlines. Only the head-

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lines can be "at war" one day, "at peace" the next. When one is in the center of "victory," there is too much that is inconclusive. The country looks too beautiful to have contained an Ohrdruf or a Buchenwald. It looks too civilian to have housed a Wehrmacht. Its people look too much like other people to be tagged as nazis. The country swallows up the remnants of destruction, and such disorder as is in evidence loses its appeal with the end of conflict. The "friends" we have liberated cannot express their friendship, and only a sadist would want to persecute the enemy.

This lack of enthusiasm was only partly due to the fact that V-E Day came as an anticlimax, after the enemy had already surrendered in Germany, Holland and Denmark. But mostly, it was the problems of peace which haunted the victory. There was no such simple graph as a "frontline" against which to measure the progress towards peace. For the GI in Germany the unsettled affairs of state were but a backdrop to his own immediate problems. Another year, two years in the Army. It seemed particularly intolerable when he realized that the enemy would soon be home. Home—that was the V-E Day celebration he wanted, and knew that he could not get.

Oh yes, of course, some bottles were consumed on V-E Day. But there is no indication that they would not have been consumed anyway. And some GIs even tossed in a toast to the victory. But it was a casual gesture. It was, for example, this casual. Back in Regensburg two doughs were sitting outside a rear echelon headquarters. One of them had a camera. "Here I'll take a picture of you for V-E Day," he said.

"V-E Day," the second murmured slowly. "You know, I'd forgotten all about it." He limply waggled his hand in a circular motion above his head. "Hurrah," he said.

Communications

SAN FRANCISCO

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: My congratulations on an interesting and timely series of articles in the current June 15 issue. At the same time, I feel a little disturbed over some of the thoughts expressed in George Catlin's article. Realism is what the world probably needs. That the distinguished English writer on political science is adequately acquainted with the human realities of the situation remains to be demonstrated. Certainly, to expect so much of a Russo-American military alliance seems naïve to those of us who do not quite agree with your contributor's view of human nature, such as some of his writings elsewhere have set forth.

Likewise, on a smaller scale, I am uncertain as to how one should interpret the statement that "for the first time for two millennia, since the days of the defeats of Persia by Alexander and of Parthia by Rome, Asia has resumed a dominant position," etc. Leaving the Huns aside, the Arabs, Mongols and Ottoman Turks did pretty well in enforcing certain approaches to a dominant position at one time or another over much of antique Christendom. If we forget what our forebears faced from those Asiatics, we also happen to be forgetting some important aspects of the development of the civilization which is ours. It will not pay us to omit due consideration of the ways in which Christians of the middle ages and early modern times thought about man and reacted to other religions, "omnigenumque deum monstra." Our reaction need not be in every respect the same, but the principle on which it is founded should be the same.

JOHN D. MCKIAN.

BRAVE, BRAVE WARRIORS

Germany.

TO the Editors: I write with reference to the editorial "Brave, Brave Warriors" in the April 20 issue, specifically the sentence: " . . . in a thoroughly disorganized Germany some of our prisoners have been mistreated."

I don't know from what date you place the disorganization of Germany, but I do know you would have a hard time persuading any GI who has aided in the freeing of PW's that they were not frequently mistreated long before any sign of serious disorganization was evident to us. In the middle of last November a man out of my own squad was taken prisoner near Stolberg. A month later his body was found in a cellar in Inden, about ten miles from Stolberg; he was apparently killed by our own artillery, and along with others, also dead, the victim of forced labor. The fact that he was Jewish may have had something to do with his treatment, for we have been told over and over again by freed prisoners that Jewish soldiers were singled out for special treatment. We met a PW recently who still wore bayonet scars from the whimsical proddings of his guard. He related an appalling story of 12 and 14 hours a day forced drudgery under sadistic guards. He had been a prisoner for eleven months. Just before we reached Halle we freed some English PW's from a large plant nearby. They told us the Americans were especially ill-treated, discriminated against in food, quarters and medical attention, and forced to come into the open whenever the air-raid siren sounded. You could pile up instances of mistreatment almost endlessly.

None of the excuses you offer, of course, apply to the German treatment of French, Russian, Polish and other prisoners of war. The record of slavery and starvation over five long years is so unrelieved in its thoroughness, universality and pitilessness that it has transformed the remarkably impersonal attitude of the GI toward his enemy into one of disgust and anger and bitterness. Food may be scarce in Germany, but we have never seen any signs of hunger amongst the Germans. They

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are the only healthy people we have seen in Europe. But we have seen released prisoners rush for our garbage pails for food. We have seen their terribly starved bodies and listened to the stories of endless privation. Starvation has been used consistently and everywhere as a weapon. Starvation was used as a means to make former allies fight against us, work against us, as a means to make Frenchman betray Frenchman, Pole betray Pole. We have heard these stories a hundred times, and we have seen the evidence for them. This was the way of things all over Germany, and not just in the concentration camps, which were unspeakably worse.

You can't say either that the mistreatment of prisoners of war should be attributed only to the sadistic SS guards. They bear a large part of the blame, but these men have been spread over all Germany in factories and on farms. Mass and deliberate starvation of millions of people has been going on in Germany for years, in cities and even in rich countrysides. The people of Germany *cannot* have been unaware of it. And I have yet to hear one word of regret or sorrow or penitence from any of the people who have been living in the midst of this organized suffering.

The answer is not to starve the German PW's we have in the States. The men who fought in immediate contact with the Germans are not very ferocious—they've learned better. But they have a pretty well developed sense of justice and they know the meaning of the word coddling because they know the meaning of the word privation. We have seen the treatment of German PW's in the States and it makes us angry to look back on it. Here are some specific objections: things like ice cream and beer and cigarettes are luxuries to the front line troops, and were unheard of amongst German prisoners. Let them go without such things. Prisoners of the Germans were made to put in a work day that makes a sweatshop seem like a paradise. Let the Germans put in a good solid nine-hour day with instant and severe punishment for refusal or stalling. Finally, make the camp discipline fair but absolutely strict and undeviating. The Germans did it with whips and starvation—and again I'll remind you that we saw it.

S/SGT.

We are glad to have this letter from a soldier and a friend. It raises a question of fact. We stated that mistreatment of American prisoners had not been reported before the beginning of Germany's collapse. Our correspondent says that we are in error and he is in a position to know. Very well. It is true also that French, Russian and Polish prisoners were mistreated from the moment they were captured. But his letter does not ask for retaliation or cruelty. On our part we never asked for "coddling" but only that prisoners be treated by us as international law requires. We despised and still despise commentators who fight only the helpless. We imagine our correspondent despises them too. Our editorial was addressed to them.

THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

The Private Life of The Master Race

THE second exceptional offering of the season, (Garcia Lorca at the Provinceton was the first by reason of quality as well as precedence), this presentation of Bertold Brecht's documentary play by the Theatre Of All Nations is worth discussion. Brecht is Germany's chief (exiled) dramatist, a revolutionary, an innovator, and known here mainly between covers as a subject for argument and analysis among vanguard men. As a playwright, he has been experienced not at all by the general public, and it is unfortunate that his interpretation by this present company will do little to dissolve his obscurity. Aside from the insistence upon intelligence maintained throughout his work, there are two good reasons why he is not stuff for Broadway, nor even for the small art-arrangements of the side-streets: one, that he is, I am assured, practically untranslatable, working with songs and rhythms in an idiom and rhetoric uniquely his own; and second, that he is relentlessly propagandistic, employing a steady selection of device in order to bolster and point his statement. Out of all this invention, out of a series of totally different *kinds* of plays, all of whose message is fundamentally the same, he has erected a number of theories which are, I think, considerably less important than the plays to which they are appended as notes. Indeed (and it must be remembered that I can speak only partially, since the work is so little and so prejudicially translated), it seems to me that he is to be seriously criticized for not having incorporated his theories within the play itself, as *directions,* rather than as hazy afterwords to be uncertainly translated. A complete revolutionary, wishing entirely to change the government of the poor, he has also wished entirely to change, as he has said, the apparatus of his art; but he has written no play personalizing—*acting out* this change. No introduction: only appendices. When Garcia Lorca pushes the poet before the curtain, calling him, simply—The Poet—and forcing him to expose and explain himself; when he casts, as I understand he did do in his final piece (only available now in scattered scenes) himself—Garcia Lorca—by name, as a character in the play, one finds that the area of communication between player and audience immediately wheels: recognition is traveled and passed; belief is the next turn; but attention *attention* is present and spent. This attitude on the part of the house is, in so far as I can trace it, Brecht's ultimate aim; but aside from his genius as a playwright (a worker of players: a writer of characters), he has buried its possibilities and ramifications in pages of cryptic notes rather than scenes.

"The Private Life Of The Master Race" is a document submitting every phase of existence under the nazi régime in Germany to the judgment of the audience. The translated play consists of seventeen out of twenty-eight scenes of the original, which was itself taken from

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a chronicle not devised for the stage. But this production presented only nine scenes, the most startling of which—the Two Bakers—was ignored; and another—The Jewish Wife—dropped after the first night, because of time. And while I hold the non-talent of the director—Berthold Viertel—to be largely responsible for the doleful stupidities of the evening, I can only reiterate that there is small reason for a major dramatist to be so entirely dependent upon interpreters. The scenes, each in itself independent, unhinging, each a tiny play, were all performed in an overall tempo, as slow as possible. The placard arrangement of announcing scenes was accomplished by a series of projections on three angled movie screens, in itself a good staging idea, but which here necessitated the whole stage being used constantly, rather than parts employed while other parts were set. And the pictures projected on the screens were insipidly colored and designed. I very much liked the arrangement of equipment—lighting, etc.—in full view, but the engineers of this equipment were sadly not acting nor trained to act their task but were constantly found running all about in interruption of everything. Most of all, the actors' acting defied Brecht's especial theory of *distance* (here I use the translator's translation of term). Distance, as I understand it, is a process whereby the actor is consciously a professional and works consciously against the establishment of identification between himself and the public. He is employed so as first, to admit his art, and then, to accomplish it. As he is also written always brilliantly as a character, it is a little difficult to imagine persuading him to deny direct communication of this character to the audience. No one the other evening jumped this difficulty, but aside from the awkwardness of the production as a whole, it is impossible to deny that the actors acted the play, if not the theory, and I should liked to mention especially, Ludwig Roth, William Malten, and Robert Penn, and to commiserate with them in a director who obviously could not plan, and a composer—Hans Eisler—whose work forced them to wait and wait for their cues.

I think it is possible to say that if this vehicle represents, as it is claimed, the ultimate in Brecht's purpose as a dramatist, then he seems destined certainly for the mechanical arts—for Television particularly—rather than for the stage. Here, the physical fact of distance would establish his esthetic fact; and the architectural fact of a single room instead of a playhouse would aid his desire to substitute the reader for the playgoer. Moreover, the mechanical system of close-ups and long shots would surely allow his actors to register while maintaining their cold objectivity. I feel that I am arguing against myself in relegating this most serious, prolific, brilliant theater man to a different medium, but I think that until he can assume all of his apparatus to lie within himself, and until he can or will write it out differently rather than merely making bitter and obscure suggestions about it, he must remain divided into two parts—theorist and dramatist—with only a divided impact. It is presumptuous to suggest that he should work harder; nevertheless, I do suggest it.

KAPPO PHELAN.

The Juniors Take Over

EVEN IF the film version of *"Junior Miss"* doesn't do anything else, it proves that a movie can be built around teen-age youngsters who are *not* juvenile delinquents. Thirteen-year-old Judy Graves and her boisterous pal, Fuffy, may have over-fertile imaginations (developed, no doubt, by too many movies) but they do none of the shocking things that make us think that all juveniles are on the road to ruin. Readers of Sally Benson's delightful stories that ran in the *New Yorker,* or audiences who saw the pleasant little stage play that Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields wrote from these tales, will be familiar with the Graves family and their goings-on. Papa (Allyn Joslyn) and mama (Sylvia Field) are never really allowed a dull or restful moment by their two daughters, but they probably wouldn't trade all the riches in the world for their lively girls. Lois (Mona Freeman), pretty, sixteen and very annoyed with her father because he occasionally throws out her crowds of admirers, and Judy (Peggy Ann Garner), laboring under the odd idea that her father is having an affair with the boss's daughter, are really devoted children. They prove their loyalty when papa loses his job, or when, as Judy phrases it: "We're poverty-stricken." I saw this picture with a couple of young ladies who are just out of their junior-Miss age; they found Judy and Lois and Fuffy a bit exaggerated; whereas I thought the adults in the picture were somewhat overdone. Perhaps all the characters have been heightened for dramatic purposes; but on the whole, Director George Seaton, who also wrote the screenplay, has given us a moving and thoroughly amusing picture of family life in New York City. The central situation is quite out of the ordinary run of most family experiences, but there is a wealth of detail in the characterizations, and incidents that ring true. At times the film is talky, but fortunately the talk is always entertaining. Peggy Ann Garner (no longer the plain Francie of Brooklyn) is warm and lovable as Judy who blossoms from childhood into a junior Miss during the course of the few weeks covered by the story. Two of the film's most moving scenes center on her: after the funny Christmas morning sequence full of presents and exclamations, Judy secretly mothers the doll about which she was so scornful in front of her family; later, at the picture's end, Judy, who has been racing about like an unruly brat, suddenly appears in her first grown-up dress—charming and poised—and her parents realize she is no longer their little girl. The Graves won't have to worry about Judy; this miss-fix-it may have some strange notions, but she has her feet on the ground; papa and mama can be proud of her.

Rumor has it that Sally Benson is preparing a stage adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's "Eight Cousins." Anything that comes of this probably will reach Hollywood one day; it should be something to see.

Another member of the younger generation shows that he can follow in the family tradition in *"Son of Lassie,"* which has several of the characters who won friends in

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"Lassie Come Home." The new story and screenplay are by Jeanne Bartlett who writes along typical Hollywood lines rather than in the style of Eric Knight. The story, inclined toward melodrama, is reminiscent of the occupied-country films we saw a year or so ago. Joe, played by Roddy McDowall in the original, is now grown up and an English flier (Peter Lawford). Lassie's son (played by the same collie who played Lassie in the last picture) is devoted to Joe; he even follows the young man to the flying field. One day Laddie goes with Joe on a bombing mission; and, when the plane is hit, dog and man bail out together. There follows a series of adventures in nazi-held Norway that are exciting but far-fetched. Laddie's devotion to Joe, alas, is greater than his good sense. The dog travels far and wide across magnificent technicolored scenery. He goes through bombings, raging rapids, glaciers, dangerous mountains and troops of Germans. He finds his master, of course, but unfortunately he also leads the nazis to him. Before the finale, he proves himself; and finally Joe and Laddie come home again—so there can be another sequel. I'm afraid this script was written down for children. Dog fanciers might enjoy the fabulous plot, but less imaginative folk are likely to find the whole piece pretty sentimental. One trouble with people who love dogs is that they always get mixed up about them and give them human characteristics which dogs themselves would be the first to deny. Adults who are annoyed with the cute touches in this film might be rewarded by the good technicolor and stunning scenery. It must also be said, to the credit of Laddie, that he is another junior who is not a juvenile delinquent.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Japan's Future

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

AS OWEN LATTIMORE says very firmly, there is considerable difference of opinion among current American experts as to what is a realistic approach to the problems of Japan as far as we are concerned—which is an indication of confused thinking. Confusion arises, naturally enough, from our lack of personal knowledge of any of the peoples of Asia with whom we are dealing, and what fate we are attempting to decide. It could be argued that a realistic approach is the democratic approach, which requires an intelligent expression of popular opinion, or, more exactly: of popular will. The word "popular" should not mean, however, an expression of opinion or of will in the sense of something running through the heads of many people like a "catchy" tune. It should express the orderly conclusions of an integrated people. We have not reached the point of integration because we have not needed to, over a long period of time. Since we are now beginning to be troubled about things we have never needed to think about until now, we are forced to look for our opinions to a new kind of person called the expert, be he domestic or foreign, to clarify our thinking for us or to save us the trouble of doing any thinking for ourselves. And that, unfortunately, does lead to a kind of racket among alleged experts. Men are making a comfortable living out of a somewhat greater but extremely positive knowledge than most of us have; so men are making politics out of it for their own propagandist purposes.

Mr. Johnstone, author of a new book on Japan,* has made his positive conclusions out of months of research amounting to a total of several years. Quite rightly he emphasizes the primary problem: the Japanese imperial system (sacred to them)—the shrine, or imperium. It is in fact the most important of all the problems arising out of war and reconstruction in the Japanese Island Empire. It affects all of Asia. Since Asia and Africa have in common certain fundamental problems, such as the European colonial system, for example, and since together they constitute the vast majority of the human race, it is obvious that we cannot escape them. It is clear that what we do and what the United Nations do about them carries implications and consequences of the first magnitude to the future of the world's civilization.

Mr. Johnstone bases his conclusions on the opinion of two "experts," two well known public men: Sun Fo, the president of China's legislative Yuan (or government department having to do with legislation, the law, and its administration in some of its aspects); and Joseph Grew, formerly our Ambassador to Tokyo for ten years and now Under-Secretary of State of our Federal Government. Sun Fo is the son of Sun Yat Sen, initiator of the Chinese Revolution, of the revolt of the Chinese against the Manchu government of the Chinese Empire, of the revolt against Yuan Shi Kai, first President of the Chinese Republic, who seemed to have aspirations toward his own succession to a reformed, modernized and more effective imperial throne of China. By antecedents and training Sun Fo might be expected to be opposed to any idea of emperor, empire, and imperialism anywhere, in any form. He would be intolerant of "the mass of myth and superstition" which surrounds the Mikado (which means both the man who is Emperor of Japan and the whole Japanese "sacred" imperial system). To quote Sun Fo: "The Mikado must go . . .!" and he takes issue somewhat more than vigorously with Joseph Grew, an experienced, capable and honorable civil servant of the highest type, who feels, officially, that any decision of this matter should be delayed until the United Nations have occupied Japan. Mr. Johnstone concludes from his research in favor of Sun Fo's opinion. He had not yet had access, apparently, when he wrote his book to Owen Lattimore's most recent exposition of the same matter: "Solution in Asia," the best, so far, of the current American writers, evidencing wider and deeper knowledge of Japan than any of them. That is probably due to the fact that Lattimore has supplemented his own competent observations by steeping himself in the writings of the two outstanding students and historians in these matters: Sir George Sansom, an Englishman, now at-

**The Future of Japan. William C. Johnstone. Oxford. $2.00.*

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tached as Minister to the British Embassy in Washington; and a young Canadian, E. H. Norman, whom Lattimore accepts as ". . . already the most authoritative contemporary analyst of Japan's economy, society and government," and who is, according to him, "to some extent a disciple and in a sense the successor of Sir George Sansom, whose 'Japan: a Short Cultural History,' unrivaled for its combination of learning, insight, and gentle wit, ends at the beginning of the Meiji era." Norman picks up the thread from there. These two form the indispensable background without which it is idle for any of our current American experts and writers even to pretend to know the answers.

It is unfortunate, but that is the way it is: we do not possess the background for intelligent action and effective policy in the Pacific and Asia. We are still moving in a diplomatic and administrative jungle of our own making, in all these matters. We seem to miss the whole point of the discussion. It is not whether the Mikado is or is not truly divine, but whether tens of millions of Japanese truly believe that the Emperor is a divine person, the system of which he is the center sacred, and eternal, and the Japanese a chosen people. After all, the non-Hebrew pagan world looked upon theocratic Judaism as an intolerable arrogance, several thousand years ago. In all the following centuries formidably vigorous attempts have been made to exterminate it, including the effort of nazi anti-Semitism to crush "the world's most formidable enemy." The Roman pagan world looked on theocratic Christianity in the same way after the year one of the Christian era. After nearly conquering the world for Christianity, our modern rationalists and materialists are once more coming to look upon theocratic Christianity in the same way. Judaism, Christianity and modernistic materialism all agree, apparently, that Japan's theocratic imperialism is absurd, unreasonable and must be ripped out of modern civilized life. The Japanese believe in it, are fighting for it "fanatically," and show evidence of going on fighting for it to their death, as "martyrs." That has to be considered.

It is not enough to dismiss the idea impatiently, even irritably, as an absurd myth and superstition. We are dealing with human beings. We are missing the whole point and meaning of psychological warfare—and reconstruction. As insistent realists we do not seem to grasp another fundamental fact; the great fact involving all plans for the future of Japan, of Asia, of Africa and of the Pacific Islands—a fact that nobody seems to understand completely except that shrewd and truly practical combination of the psychology of Eastern Europe and of Asia, Joseph Stalin. We are all caught in two tremendous ground swells: the revolution of all the peoples of Asia and Africa and the Pacific which the Japanese tried—not too intelligently—to shape up and head. If the Japanese had been smarter, there is very little any of us could have done about it. This revolution to possess all the material and political assets and machinery which have given predominance of power to Europe and America contains also a fierce rebellion of all dark-

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skinned subject races (including the Chinese) against all white-skinned master races (including ourselves). As far as we are concerned, this rebellion manifests itself even within our own Afro-American citizenship. Whether we like it or not, or admit it, or deny it, there *is* a color line among us. And this phenomenon of rebellion is traceable in the anti-Semitism which is growing among us. Unless that is understood, books like Mr. Johnstone's will continue to be unsatisfactory.

More Books of the Week

The Musical Scene. By Virgil Thomson. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

IT IS stated on the jacket of this book that it is a commentary on "the musical life of America by the profound and witty critic of the New York *Herald Tribune.*" Although Mr. Virgil Thomson is no more mock-modest than the rest of us, he seems to have deprecated the first part of the statement in his brief, revealing introduction; and, doubtless, could be persuaded to deprecate the second. Be that as it may, in reading the blurb, one literally rubs his eyes, for American musical criticism in my younger experience (I was malformed, like Mr. Thomson, not far from Boston) has seldom been profound, and it has never been witty. After finishing the book, however, one perceives—that the blurb is profoundly correct.

In the second paragraph of his opening paper, the author reminds us that "vast numbers of highly intelligent persons derive no pleasure at all from music. And an even larger number can take it or leave it alone," in the sense that for them music is not an indispensable experience, or (as Mr. Thomson puts it) "an auditory universe." This kind of intellectual and spiritual deafness to one of the arts is no great crime, but only very unfortunate for its victims, and there is really nothing to be done about it. The number of people in this world who cannot or will not admit a truism to their minds, or one of the more enduring satisfactions of life to their hearts, is large indeed. In some instances, this amounts to a veritable aberration. There are a certain number of people, as well, whose amatory taste is confined to Horse Guards, or horse whips, or jockeys. There are "vast numbers of highly intelligent people" (to mention no names) who do not believe in the Devil, though he or *it* has lately been conspicuously manifest in Germany; who will not enter a church, even to listen to the *Missa Solemnis;* who never think of Almighty God. . . . In the case of the tone-deaf, or the musically casual, Mr. Thomson suggests that, if there be any door-opener to a larger mind, it can only be knowledge; and the latter can only come through a loyal application plus a certain amount of hard work.

Emile Zola (neither witty nor profound by the way) once wrote a book of criticism entitled "My Hates." Hatred is, probably, too uncompromising a word to apply to opinions normally as urbane as Mr. Thomson's, but to be urbane is not to be flat or tediously good-natured, and the reader should be warned that certain of his musical opinions mince no words. Among the organizations and persons of whom he, occasionally, disapproves (to mince a word of my own) are the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in recent years. . . . "I understand now why the Philharmonic is not a part of New York's intellecual life." He also dislikes Sibelius for "the gray and dirty-brown orchestral coloring," at least of the Seventh Symphony. His strictures on the radio commentators at the Met and elsewhere must have made some of them reasonably warm under their collars. He believes that Church music in our time, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish has been conservative and hence inexpressive, and partly ascribes its timidity and stagnation to the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X which, in addition to specifying Plainchant, in its most pure and antiquarian school of rendition, was much too indulgent to Palestrina and his school. "Its recommendation to composers is even more backward-looking than the identical recommendations made by the Council of Trent nearly 350 years before." With certain reservations the reviewer agrees, but oh Mr. Thomsun, have you never had occasion to hear Gabriel Fauré's *Requiem?*

On the other hand, Mr. Thomson enthusiastically likes Mozart, Bach, Brahms, Mahler, Verdi (particularly *his Requiem*) and (rather to one's surprise) Frederic Chopin. One is very glad to read that Brahms' Third Symphony is the best built of the four, containing also the best melodic material. One reads, almost with delight apropos *La Bohème* that "no one has ever been able to analyze Puccini's power away, or to laugh it off." If this is true of *La Bohème* (and it, unquestionably, is) it is equally true of *Tosca.* But Mr. Thomson has done an exceedingly good job in analyzing Wagner's power away, or almost away. The Bayreuth Wizard, so like his own Klingsor, is here debunked better than by anyone since the late Huneker revolted against the Holy Week mush-cult of *Parsifal.*

It is, of course, not for this reviewer to indicate any errors in Mr. Thomson's text, in so far as musical science is concerned. Everyone knows that he is an extremely original and accomplished composer as well as a writer. We are well aware, for instance, that there was such a thing as "medieval" polyphony, certainly in France and Flanders, doubtless everywhere in Western Europe; it is on record, for example, that the infamous Marshal de Rais took a great shine to a Mass by Gillaume de Machault for four mixed voices, and this was in the year 1439 when we are certainly still in the Middle Ages, that is in France. Most people, however, associate the art of polyphony with the XVth century, that is to say the High Renaissance. Speaking of sacred music, Mr. Thomson appears to regret that the *Requiem* alleged to be by Mozart is infrequently heard, though it has been both badly performed and poorly recorded by the University of Pennsylvania Glee Club. The general belief is that Mozart did not finish this work, and the impression of this reviewer is that it was scarcely worth finishing.

Yet, in summary, no such musical criticism has been read or written in this country since the days of Runciman on the London *Saturday Review,* and those of Huneker in New York. The latter, however, though a Celt, did not display much humor in his writing (perhaps Celts never do) compared to the author of "The Musical Scene." Since Mr. Thomson resides in New York, one is tempted to salute him the chief of the New York "wits" of whom one hears so much. So far as we are concerned, he is the only one. The others

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are either feebly whimsical, or else disgustingly sentimental in the hairy-chested style now in vogue, or they are the sheer children of malice, simple if not pure. Mr. Thomson's chief virtue is, first of all, that he knows what he is talking about, and is reduced neither to the megaphone or the spitball-shooter. He is seldom cheap. He is never unfair. His opinions, in his own words, are neither "frivolously arrived at, or unjustly stated, his aim having been to inform the reader rather than to protect anybody's career, or to help perpetuate any given state of affairs." CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The City of Trembling Leaves. Walter Van Tilberg Clark. Random. $3.00.

THIS is a very young book with intensity of spirit but unevenness of accent. The development of the artist is a tempting theme and Mr. Clark has successfully translated it into fictional terms with page on page of beautiful writing interspersed with tedious passages. Music is Timothy Hazard's medium but his struggle has universal application to creative artists. Timothy's is a special case in that he is so very American. He grows up in an atmosphere free of the tide of immigration that has marked the East and free of the presence of depressed groups in the population that bring tensions to other sections. Product of the public school system, he has infinite faith in man's potentialities. Product, also, of its carefully dereligionized curriculum and possibly influenced by the immense scale of his Nevada surroundings he evolves for himself a fuzzy pantheism in which formal religion is strictly "old hat." The largely self-taught young composer has the incredible good luck to encounter in very casual fashion the two teachers ideal for him and to spend a year with them. The book is so long that it is impossible to mention all the characters who contribute to the sum of Timothy Hazard, American; his parents, his three loves, his friends. The rejection of Europe implicit in the whole book is personified rather summarily by a Mr. Hule presented in juxtaposition to Helen Black, the possessive wife of his friend, Lawrence. NORAH PIPER.

Japanese Prints by Harunobu and Shunsho in the Collection of Louis V. Ledoux. Text and biography by the owner. Weyhe. $15.00.

TOO OFTEN the urge in American collecting has been mere acquisition. The buccaneering expeditions of the elder Morgan, the pillaging conducted by our nineteenth century merchant princes, the insensate accumulation of costly objects by the Hearsts and other magnates, these have long since been acknowledged and suitably scored. But another and happier type of collector has less persistently been recognized. Two of the worthiest in this category are Duncan Phillips, whose Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C., unwaveringly has shown independence in its choices, and the late Ferdinand Howald, whose diversified group of American moderns at Columbus, Ohio, has furnished a resting-place for many a thirsty Mid-Westerner. Mr. Louis V. Ledoux, author of the present volume, the second in a series of five intended to include the best in his portfolio of Japanese prints, is yet another of those rare few who really deserve the name of collector in this country.

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eighteenth century print, Harunobu, "the artist of young girlhood, the poet of youth," and Shunshō, the celebrator of the theater. Suzuki Harunobu (1725-70) sets forth the domestic occupations of the young women in Nippon. They brush none too briskly with brooms, unfold long looping scrolls, bear away baskets of weaving, and in the interludes confront the moon or step into dipping boats. Always the treatment is flowingly graceful, and sometimes, as in the colored examples, touching in the manner of some high note upon a single-stringed instrument. Harunobu, who attained eloquence in the concluding six years of his life and then was silenced, could elide till a paucity of lines projected him to his own niche in the ether. Particularly notable is a loving couple gliding along beneath an umbrella and a solitary maid treading a bridge. He preserved the note of delicacy. As for Katsukawa Shunshō (1726-93), he might be termed the masculine counterpart to the more fastidious Harunobu. Prolific and forthright, he delineated actors in such rôles as adipose wrestlers, grotesquely comical rascals, mighty swordsmen, and Buddhist monks in the snow. Often he anticipated the twentieth century in his piling up of compressed draughtsmanship. And occasionally, as in a raging horseman and grim "strong boy of the mountains," and above all in a rain-shot storm-picture, he really caught the strength and the midnight in the mind of his time. His work ends *crescendo* in a female impersonator depicted with such exquisiteness as to imply colors on porcelain rather than paper.

Impeccable as are the reproductions—8 of the 52 in color—the commentary has absorbed and sifted all pertinent data on each item and period. And this annotating has been accomplished with such tact as to guarantee delight in reading. Evidently Mr. Ledoux has felt his temporary guardianship of his treasures as a public trust and he would present to the world a true repository of his joys. He has succeeded, and we are the gainers. JEROME MELLQUIST.

The Authoritarian Attempt to Capture Education. John Dewey, Sidney Hook and others. King's Crown. $2.50.

THESE papers from the Second Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith deal with many aspects of education but are directed principally against the group associated with Education For Freedom. Opposition between these two groups is, however, in many respects more apparent than real. Mr. Irwin Edwin or Mr. Alexander Meiklejohn could associate with either group in good humor and in good conscience. The actual division is in part, at least as far as I can make out, produced by an understandable but also an unnecessary confusion of ideas. Since Mr. Adler and Mr. Hutchins have made statements which indicate that they know something true and certain about the nature of man, it has been concluded that Saint John's and Chicago teach a dogmatic philosophy. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Purely dialectical discussions of such diverse thinkers as Aristotle, Plotinus, Montaigne, Kant and Freud could issue in an orthodoxy only if they were integrated with strictly doctrinal exposition, which is not the case at either school.

This confusion is propagated with considerable zeal, however, by the pragmatists, and—it seems to me—as a purely defensive tactic. Such wilful, if it is wilful, coalescence of the question of intellectual disciplines with the conclusions of a particular school of philosophy is very dangerous. For refusal to give attention to the actual views and intentions of the opponent seems to be a refusal to be bound by any rational argument. It is quite consistent with this that the collection of essays here reviewed manifests again and again an expectation of finding the solution of educational problems by an appeal to direct action, which means politics, which means, as politics goes today, the threat of suppression for the conquered.

It is in this spirit that at several points the speakers of the conference approach the definition of a creed. Thus many hold that there is no truth except that which can be established by experimental science. There is also the usual waw-waw about the great books. The question of religion brings the nature of this new democratic faith more clearly into view, however. According to Professor Horace Friess, any religion which claims exemption from scientific criticism is a threat to democracy and its teaching privileges must be severely circumscribed. Alain Locke suggests that the campaign for the teaching of religion in the schools be countered by the introduction of courses in comparative religion. This is terribly dangerous, though nothing new, for like many of these papers, it indicates a positive preference for a confessional state and a confessional public school. Which confession will be anything but Christian and is not likely to be very scientific, either. Democracy will be ended, however, in the name of democracy.

This describes only the most prominent trend in the discussions, that position toward which pragmatism has long been moving. But it should be said that there is also manifest a considerable fund of good will and good sense among these men, which is why it seems to me important to emphasize the community they have with men whom in many cases they mistakenly regard as enemies. LEO CAMP.

Piccola. Helen La Penta. Harper. $2.00.

SHE WAS brought up in a convent where her American father deposited his two daughters when he lost his Italian wife. "Big Sister" grew very homesick and died. Then an Uncle took Piccola to the Abruzzi to live with Grandfather and Grandmother. The story is told from the point of view of Piccola who is five when she first appears but grows up to be twelve in Connecticut, where Father finally takes her to live with him. The form can be forgiven only when it happens to be a masterpiece and invites circumspection of a naïveté which rarely escapes self-consciousness. Nor is it in this case consistent. Whenever the author requires some adult conversation, Piccola suddenly develops amazing reportorial aptitude and a most precocious vocabulary.

Piccola was very pious in the convent, although nothing is said about her First Communion. Since no one suggests her going to church in Connecticut, she finally decides to look over the situation herself and discovers there is not just one Church but a great variety. For reasons not stated, Mass seems very different to her from what it was in Italy and she isn't attracted by what the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Jews or the Salvation Army have to offer, so Mr. Kent suggests Piccola follow her conscience and that small voice tells her to pray by herself at home, which she finds very

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satisfactory. She does advise some of the New England children to try praying to the Blessed Virgin and to be sure to say "Hello" to Saint Joseph as the "father" of Jesus, but she begins to understand why her father and her aunt never go to church when she finds the people in the different churches don't love each other. The Presbyterians thought the Catholics superstitious and "the Catholics thought that heaven was a place marked 'Strictly for Catholics,' though they were willing to share hell with anybody."

The author evidently had a lot of fun writing "Piccola." We wonder if children would enjoy it more than this adult? E. V. R. WYATT.

The Economics of Peace. Kenneth E. Boulding. Prentice-Hall, $3.75.

THE FABULOUS Professor Hayek (who is currently on a conducted [?] tour of the United States to convict us all of socialism) says that he has read Boulding's book "mostly with approval" in spite of the fact that he cannot follow the author on "one main point"—"his wholehearted acceptance of Lord Keynes's New Economics." The Professor should have been a tight-rope walker. Or maybe I'm wrong. After all, maybe it's possible, too, to read Adam Smith "mainly with approval" while rejecting classical economics. But it's all very confusing.

By Boulding's own admission, his principal purpose in writing the present book was to serve as an "intellectual middleman" in the distribution of the new ideas which have been developed in that "silent revolution in economic thought" which "may bulk larger than the frenzy of dictators or the fortunes of war." Deservedly high praise for Lord Keynes!

Boulding, who is an active member and recorded minister of the Society of Friends, approaches his two main problems—the economics of reconstruction and the economics of reform—from an ethical point of view which has much of the charm, if not enough of the hard theological precision, of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ: "We cannot be pure individualists because we are not pure individuals; we are bound together in a social web that permits none of us to be either completely independent of others or completely non-responsible for others. It is on this rock that the pure capitalist criterion splits."

But if pure capitalism is bad ethics, it is likewise bad economics. For, even in the face of ghastly economic depressions, it has persistently neglected the stark truth that "under certain circumstances there may be a deficiency of purchasing power or of consuming power. . . . When this happens . . . unemployment is bound to follow."

But, says Boulding, unemployment need not follow. As a matter of fact, "it is literally true that the only thing that prevents us abolishing unemployment and extreme poverty, in the Western world at least, is the lack of will to do it." This "will to do it" can be effectively implemented "only" by resort to an adjustable tax plan—by "appropriate manipulations of governmental expenditures and receipts. . . ." with the government increasing its expenditures in a period of deflation and decreasing them in a period of inflation. And, if you're worried about the increase in the national debt which is implied in this formula, Boulding will tell you, rather

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persuasively, that "from the point of view of society as a whole, therefore, income and expenditure are exactly the same thing, for every *transfer* of money is at the same time income to the person who receives it and expenditure to the person who gives it." He points out, perhaps with pardonable impatience, that "the Keynesian revolution in economic thought consists essentially in the explicit recognition of this truth and its incorporation into the body of economic principles."

The foregoing summary does far less than elementary justice to the richness of Boulding's semi-popular and occasionally brilliant application of latter-day economic theory to the problems of reconstruction and long-range reform. But it does, I believe, indicate at least the main lines of his central thesis.

Boulding's formula, I suggest, is valid as a partial emergency remedy for unemployment, but it's less than valid (if it's not actually dangerous) when advanced as the *only* solution—for it then follows logically that "no agency other than the government is powerful enough to deal with this problem." Boulding, to be sure, is afraid of the encroachments of the State—after all, hasn't Hayek praised the book?—but, paradoxically enough, he repeatedly rejects what he calls *indirect* remedies for unemployment in favor of a "*direct* attack through government expenditures and receipts." Do I detect in this a slight impatience with the sluggish ways of economic democracy?

Keynes and his interpreters (of whom Boulding, in this and his other writings, is one of the best) have put all of us in their debt—but I keep wishing that they would re-read "Quadragesimo Anno" and then put us even further in their debt by fitting their admittedly important theories into the framework of an organized system of industries and professions, the only system which, in the opinion of the reviewer, offers any real hope of *full employment in a free society*.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

A Short Italian Dictionary. Alfred A. Hoare. Macmillan. $3.50.

Italian-English; English-Italian. The examples are alert and we have rarely seen a dictionary that gives so fresh an impression of living words. An invaluable aid to reading and conversation.

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